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"THE VICTORY WON."

A Brief Memorial

OF

THE LAST DAYS OF G. R.

On a gravestone near this Church the name of G. R. is inscribed, and beneath it are the words, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." (*Page* 17.)

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PREFACE.

"THERE is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Well may the angels rejoice! for they know, as we cannot, what Eternity means. They have felt the joy that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived. They have watched the Lord Jesus, through His life-long humiliation—in His death of unknown agony; and they can enter, as we cannot, into the tenderness of His joy, when, in one returning sinner, He sees of the travail of His soul. May some far-off resemblance to this joy of angels make glad every Christian heart that reads these pages! May every one who knows that God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven him, rejoice with a full heart that this our brother "was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is

found." And may every one who, like the writer of this short memoir, in weakness and in much fear, desires to win souls for Christ, take encouragement to trust in the strength of Prayer, and in dependence on God the Holy Spirit, to use no weapon but the simple setting forth of His own record—that God *hath given* to us, *sinners*, Eternal Life, and this Life is in His Son.

This weapon is "mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds." And what service can be more delightful! If it be man's greatest happiness to enjoy peace with God through Jesus Christ, so is it his greatest honour to win sinners to the Saviour, and to lead believers to adorn His doctrine.

Greatly are they mistaken, who regard religion as a gloomy walk. It is the only real sunshine. The chief good of man is "to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever."

W. M.

"THE VICTORY WON."

CHAPTER I.

It was on a Saturday night, the 7th of May, 1852, that my father showed me a note which had been placed in his hands, stating that a medical man from London had taken lodgings in B——, for himself, his wife, and his little children; where, in the last stage of consumption, he was awaiting his death. The letter further stated that the writer (a clergyman of the Church of England) had offered to visit him during the temporary absence of the Rector of B——, but his proposal was most decidedly negatived.

This letter was made the subject of earnest prayer, that God would give us an entrance to the house and heart of the dying man, and a message of peace to impart to him, in the power of the Spirit; and that He would save him with an everlasting salvation.

The next day, having ascertained where he lodged, I called and inquired for his wife. A sister-in-law received me very kindly, and shortly afterwards Mrs. R. herself entered the room. Her courteous and amiable manners prevented me from feeling that my visit was considered intrusive; but she told me it would be in vain for her to propose to Mr. R. to see either my father or brother-in-law, as he had determined not to admit any clergyman into his sick-room. She feared to allude to the subject any more, as the surgeon in attendance did not expect him to live through the week, and considered that the slightest agitation might cause instant death.

I went home disappointed, but not discouraged. The shortest way to any heart is round by heaven; so I still prayed God to open the door.

I then wrote a letter to the dying man, expressive of sympathy with his sufferings, and accompanied the note with a few flowers, hoping in this way to gain access. I briefly detailed the story of the illness and death of a beloved young friend, and told how the long twilight of her slow decline had changed into the dawn of eternal sunshine upon her dying bed. I told him of pardon and peace offered to him freely through a Redeemer, and besought him to cast

himself entirely on that Saviour, who had loved him and given Himself for him; to let Him "see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied."

I felt that every hour was most precious, and could not rest till the letter was gone. That night was passed in earnest prayers for the dying man; and before morning, faith was granted me to give thanks for him as if he were already saved; and so he was in the councils of Infinite Love!

But, meanwhile, the wearied sufferer, aware of the unusual strength of his constitution, and shrinking from the protracted distress he had so often witnessed in others, had determined that night should be his last! For three months he had contemplated yielding to a temptation which has probably assailed many more sufferers, under circumstances of prolonged and hopeless trial, than can be computed until the secrets of all hearts shall be made known. "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."—1 Cor. x. 13. On Saturday he had sent for a bottle of prussic acid from London, but by a remarkable mistake nitric acid had been sent instead. This

was rectified on Monday, and the phial brought back by the London carrier.

At the very same hour God sent him a message of HOPE. The quotation of the words, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that WHOSOEVER believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," arrested his soul. The outstretched hand of a Saviour withheld his hand from its purpose.*

On the Tuesday morning, my nieces and I were engaged to go to London. I called early to inquire how the invalid had passed the night. Mrs. R. received me with the same cordial courtesy as the evening before, and told me that her husband had expressed a desire to see me. We entered his room together, and I was struck with the restlessness of his eye, and a certain tone of despair; with a sudden, short, sternness of speech and manner, curiously softened off at the close of the interview into a refined expression of gratitude for the flowers and visit. To the letter he did not then allude.

Asking guidance from the Holy Spirit, I made no inquiries about his spiritual condition: I only

* It was not till three weeks after this that he mentioned these details to Mr. C——, and subsequently to myself.

told him how dark sin had seemed to me when I believed myself to be dying in a recent dangerous illness; but that the darkness had appeared like a speck in the light and glory of the ATONEMENT. I told him, too, how *that* word, or rather what it stood for, had filled my whole soul at that time, and kept me in perfect peace.

Whilst I was speaking of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, as viewed by the clearness of an eye looking upon eternity, and a heart convinced by the Holy Ghost, he interrupted me to inquire, "Was not that the morbus of disease?" But when he heard the conclusion, he rejoined, "No, *that* could not arise from a physical cause at one and the same time with the other: I should like to hear more: Will you come again? Come frequently."

As I have said, we were on our way to London when I called, but we returned home to find a little memoir of Mr. Howell of Bath, in which we marked some passages, and then sent the book to Mr. R. In allusion to this circumstance a month afterwards, he said, "You missed your train that morning, but by God's grace you succeeded in putting me in a train which I trust will not stop until it has carried me into heaven."

The next day he was calmer, and consented to see my father, with whom he was greatly delighted. Mr. C. called in the evening, and, when I looked in, Mr. R. said, "I have seen them both, and they are just what you described!"

On Thursday he told me that he had awaked very early, and looking at the letter he had received on Monday night, which he kept under his pillow, he found in the cover the hymn I had enclosed, which he had not noticed before.

"Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt pardon, welcome, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height, to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

He said he had been wishing to pray, and it had supplied him with words.

From this time he expected me regularly twice a-day. On Friday afternoon, hearing him complain of the difficulty of prayer, I ventured to offer up a few petitions by his side, asking the Holy Spirit to put the words into my heart. I did not know he liked it till the Sunday evening, when, alluding to an accident which had prevented my evening visit on Saturday (the upsetting of a pony-chaise), he said,

"I wondered you did not come, and missed the comfort of your prayers."

On Sunday evening I walked up to his lodgings, and was welcomed with a kind and thankful smile. I spoke of the Father's love to a lost world, of the Son's loving work in redemption, and of the not less loving work of the Spirit in sanctification, and of the final result in our eternal blessedness. He listened with the eagerness of a prisoner to whom his lawyer is proving his ground for hope of acquittal. From this time he began to taste that peace which passeth understanding, and to say with David, "I will walk at liberty, for I *seek* thy precepts."

One evening he peculiarly enjoyed Bunyan's story of Christian and Hopeful crossing the river of death, and entering the celestial city, and was touched by the mention of Dr. Arnold's remark, that he could never trust himself to read that passage aloud. He agreed with Macaulay, that the *Pilgrim's Progress* was scarcely second to *Paradise Lost.* His mind struck me, in such conversation, as singularly clear and accurate, and as possessing a fine sense of the beautiful.

Another evening he gave me the following little sketch of his life.

His father was a surgeon in the navy. He

died when his son was fifteen, leaving him utterly unprovided for. Dr. K., master of W. Grammar School, noticing his talents (of which, however, his mention was very modest), educated him free of expense. The boy spent day and night in study, that he might repay Dr. K.'s kindness and render himself independent. At nineteen, his classical knowledge was far beyond the usual mark, and he was exceedingly desirous of a university education, with the intention of becoming a physician. But failing in all endeavours to procure the necessary funds, he became head-usher to Dr. K. at a nominal salary, to repay the expenses incurred for his board, &c., in the four previous years. After two years, Dr. K. persuaded him to accept a more lucrative tutorship in a clergyman's family for three years. Afterwards, he was tutor for several years to the sons of a well-known and highly respected London banker. At that time his qualifications as a tutor were highly complimented by a son-in-law of the Bishop of London, who spoke of him "as the best classical tutor he knew out of the universities."

Engaged in tuition by day, and in medical studies by night, he did not at that time neglect the temporal wants of the poor. Whilst strug-

gling himself with pecuniary difficulties, he had several aged pensioners to whom he gave weekly allowances. In later years there is little doubt that his last illness took its rise from the effect of over-exertion among the London poor, at the time of the cholera in 1849.

After leaving this family, he went abroad for some years; studied surgery and medicine in Paris and Germany, and received an M.D. degree at a German University. About this time he married, and within four years lost his wife, who died of consumption. She left one boy. Five years ago he had married his present wife. His grandfather, on the maternal side, was a Quaker, and this circumstance caused his introduction to many members of the Society of Friends, of whom he spoke with great esteem. Several years prior to the time when he was speaking, whilst a nominal member of the Church of England, but unacquainted with any ministry of living power, he had heard a Unitarian preach; and was so far misled by his doctrine as to have proposed attending his chapel constantly. But he was withheld; *how*, he knew not.

He told me, that the day before I had called he had told his wife that he should consider it an insult if any one presumed to speak to him

about the concerns of his soul, and that, even if he were in dying agonies, no one was to be admitted. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." "There are many devices in a man's heart, nevertheless the counsel of the Lord that shall stand."

I must not omit to notice an interregnum in his life—a sort of green spot in his youth's desert, which he mentioned to me at a later period of our intercourse.

Whilst he was still very young and homeless, he became tutor to a young man of the name of B., whose father and mother soon began to treat Mr. R. as if he were their own son. After Mr. B.'s death his son went abroad: his mother suffered from a lingering heart complaint; she was unwilling to recall her son until near the time of her death, so she requested Mr. R. to remove to her house, where he spent his evenings in cheering and nursing his valued friend whilst his days were spent in tuition. He often spoke of Mrs. B. with the liveliest affection, always saying as he concluded the subject, "she was indeed a mother to me."

CHAPTER II.

On the 22d of May I was obliged to leave home, in company with my father and sister, for a few days. I called in the morning on our invalid. He begged me to write to him, and said, "I feel I have seen my Saviour, but He seems still a great way off; I want to be brought nearer to Him: pray write to me on this subject."

I scarcely expected to see him again. I believe he thought himself that he should not survive, for he shed tears as he bade us farewell, and thanked us earnestly for the care of his spiritual and temporal welfare. On my return I drove at once to his door, and coming in sooner than he expected, was welcomed with a bright smile of pleasure.

My brother-in-law came in a few moments afterwards, and the invalid said to me, "I fear I should have been a backslider but for this

kind friend (holding out his hand to him). He came to me daily, and three times yesterday; and helped my soul."

On the Sunday following (Whit-Sunday) I wrote to him about the Sacrament, the remembrance of our Redeemer's dying love—wishing he could have received it with us. We had some conversation on the subject in the afternoon.

That evening he was seized with an alarming attack of suffocation, and seemed at the very door of death. I found him supported by his wife, and struggling for breath. To my inquiry, "I hope God is with you?" he replied by slowly and solemnly shaking his head. And when he could speak he said, "I have no evidence of the Spirit having been given me."

"But you have asked, and the lip of living Truth has said, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' You dare not doubt HIS WORD?"

"But I have asked too late—too late—and I am lost."

"Then you are just the man the Lord Jesus Christ came to *save*, for he says, 'The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was LOST.'"

"Those are strong words."

I then referred to the story of the Brazen

Serpent, and the parallel passages in John, iii. 14–16,* dwelling on the word "Whosoever."

"WHOSOEVER!"—he repeated earnestly.

"You are willing to be saved?"

"Yes."

"Do you doubt His willingness to save you?"

"No."

"His power?"

"No."

"Then all the power of the Devil cannot come between your soul and its Saviour."

"But my sins have been life-long, they have *wearied* Him."

I read Isaiah, xliii. 22. "If you or I had written these words for God, we should have concluded them with such as these—'Therefore will I blot *thee* out of my sight, and will no more remember thee'—should we not?"

"Yes."

"But what does the Lord add to 'Thou hast made Me to serve with thy sins, thou hast wea-

* "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that *whosoever* believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

ried Me with thine iniquities?' Without a pause between, 'I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will no more remember thy sins.'"

"Wonderful words!" said he, earnestly, and then he listened with irradiated countenance to St. Paul's (almost dying) confession of faith,—"I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him until that day." "Who" (I added) "shall separate us from the love of Christ, after we have been made willing, in the day of His power, to accept it?"

"Why, then, had I those fears?"

"Because the enemy of your soul assaulted you in his malice, to snatch away your peace, knowing that he could not wrest your soul from your Redeemer's hand. He knows the living power of the Hand which once was nailed to the Cross in dying weakness. That hand has all power given it now, in heaven and in earth."

We then spoke of His readiness to forgive, and of the look which melted Peter's heart to tears, after he had denied his Master with oaths and curses.

"Was it a look of reproach, do you think, or a look of love?"

"A look of love," (he replied); "nothing else would have made him weep bitterly."

He then fell asleep for a short time—the expression of distress over his countenance having given place to the serene peacefulness of a child in sleep.

I feared to stir, till after a time he awoke.

"O! my kind friend, are you there still? how weary you must be!"

"No, indeed, but I fear I weary you."

"Never—you brought me peace, by God's help. May His blessing rest upon you. I can never repay you. *He will.*"

"It would make me happy, if you could tell me that *now* you believe God is with you."

"He *is* with me."

The next morning (Whit-Monday) Mr. C. saw him alone for half an hour. He expressed his apprehension of his unfitness to receive the Sacrament, though desirous to commemorate his Redeemer's dying love. The particular sin which was lying most heavily on his conscience, was that fatal intention to which I have alluded—the resolution he had once taken to shorten his own life. Mr. C. read him the account of the jailer at Philippi, in Acts, xvi., his intention of immediate suicide; the apostle's intervention;

the jailer's inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" the reply, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,"—and the immediate administration of the sacrament of baptism, God's seal to his faith.

Mr. R.'s mind received this at once: and within a quarter of an hour, his wife and I were partaking of the Lord's supper with him. Never can I forget the intense earnestness of his countenance, nor the beautiful placidity which succeeded it. He had made his confession of faith in a dying Saviour's pardoning love, as publicly as his own dying circumstances would permit.

On the following Tuesday he was tried with fears lest he should be seeming to us a better man than he was in reality. His dread of hypocrisy was great. "Yet," he added, "I have loved truth.* I have sought from my childhood to be strictly truthful: but what if I should be a hypocrite on my dying bed!"

I told him of the temptation mentioned to us by a dear and honoured friend as one he had gone through, to believe at one time that he had

* His mother told me, as she knelt with me by his coffin—gazing on the face of her departed son, that she had *never* known him deviate from rigid truth and honesty, from his infancy to his death.

been a hypocrite all his life; and that the distress left him with this thought, "But I can go even as a hypocrite *to Jesus*," to pardon even this sin, and subdue it, and bestow the grace of sincerity.

Another day he said, "I have been thinking that the same heaven can hardly be the sanctuary to hold the saint who has walked with God from his childhood (as your father, for instance), and the sinner like myself, who has turned to Him at the eleventh hour."

"In the 13th verse of Isaiah lx." (I replied) "I find 'The fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box, *together*, to beautify the places of my sanctuary' —different statures, different degrees of glory, perhaps—but together."

In the evening he referred again to the same subject. "*We stand on such different ground:* my moral sense tells me this. Notwithstanding what you said this morning about God taking varying responsibilities, &c., into account, I cannot believe that the same full pardon is wanted for the blameless life and for the life on which there have been many blots of sin."

I read Romans iii., and closing the book, said —"I don't care for the moral sense of you or of all the men in the universe, when it tells me we

stand on different grounds of justification. GOD says, 'There is no difference.'"

"And you believe Him?" (With an acquiescent smile.)

"Of course I do—and so do you."

"*I believe I do.*" And the subject was at rest from that moment.

The same evening he spoke to me in detail of the temptation to self-destruction which he had previously mentioned to my brother-in-law. In reply, I was able to give him, from my own recollection, the history of a poor little schoolgirl, who had tried to drown herself, and who, when reasoned with by her school-mistress on the terrors of the hell she would have "gone straight down into," remained perfectly unmoved; because, as she said, "This hell could not be worse than her home, where father and mother were always fighting." But being spoken to of the love of Jesus in dying to prepare a place for her in heaven, her heart melted from that moment.

He was affected to tears, and said, "That was the only way to make the sin hateful."

I spoke to him then on the present grief of grieving the Lord Jesus. He said he had not thought or felt enough about it.

The next day my father visited Mr. R., and conversed with him alone, and was struck with his desire for more love to Christ, and sorrow that he had so little—though, he added with a smile, "I do believe in His love to me."

He was peculiarly gratified one day by my notice of dear Mrs. R.'s untiring devotion to him, and spoke of the soothing power of her voice in singing, describing it as one of singular beauty, and high cultivation.

He has continually astonished Mr. C. and myself with the extent of his reading: biographical, scientific, classical, and metaphysical. There seems no limit to it. His memory, also, is wonderful.

Speaking of Carlyle, the other day, he said, "He is not a profound thinker: eager, fiery, forceful, but not deep." Over Shelley's wasted genius he lamented. "What might not such a mind have done, if he had been a believing Christian?"

June 14.—He spoke with great interest of the theory my father had laid before him of the effect of redemption on the universe (see Ephes. i., ii., also iii. 10). "That unto principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God."

The idea, too, of the possibility of this earth having formerly been under the government of Satan before the Fall, as accounting for geological discoveries of Pre-Adamic existence: also for the Evil Spirit's malice against man: and for the title given to him of "the Prince of this World," &c., called forth his interested attention.*

The evening of that day, in extreme suffering and exhaustion, he said, "I almost desire a period to be put to this by my God—but His will be done." After a few moments, he added, "But I am detained to learn more and more of my Saviour's love to me, *and the fellowship of His sufferings.* It may enhance my happiness through eternity."

Another evening he had been deriving great pleasure from some lovely green-house flowers sent him by the kindness of Miss W. He spoke of himself as feeling much better, but said he knew from the symptoms of his case death *might* overtake him in a few hours.

"Have you any fear of death now?"

"Of death by *suffocation* I *have* a dread."

I suggested that we might unite in prayer

* See Stanley Faber's *Many Mansions.*

that he should be spared that mode of death, and quoted, "If two of you agree touching anything ye shall ask on earth, it shall be done for you of my Father which is in heaven;" promising to ask my father and brother-in-law to unite in the prayer. This comforted him.

"Have you any fear of what is beyond death?"

After a pause—"None."

"What has taken away your fear?"

"I am in *the way*. Christ is 'the Way,' and I have come to Him."

After another pause he added, "By God's help you led me into the way. This day month you brought me the message of mercy. I owe you an infinite obligation—my sense of it is almost painfully intense. But I shall remind you of all you have done for me in the eternal world—and thank you better there."

"But I believe you are to be spared a little longer here to tell us what God has done for your soul. You have a work left to do."

"You said yesterday that Christ had done all for me."

"But would you not like to do something for Him?"

"Oh! yes!"—and he raised himself up, his pale face illuminated. "Life would be a blessing

indeed if given back to serve Him, to win souls to Him."

"I have heard my father say from the pulpit, on the words, 'Draw *me, we* will run after Thee,' that he believes no man goes to heaven alone. Either by word or example, by life or by death, his influence is felt, and the Holy Ghost teaches by it. There are those within *your* reach who will listen to what you say, and remember it for ever."

"Delightful hope! Oh! thank you for pointing it out to me. Pray that it may be realised."

June 15.—This morning he greatly enjoyed, for the fourth time (at his own request), extracts from Dr. Chalmers' Lecture on Rom. vi., "Likewise reckon ye yourselves to be dead unto sin," &c. Especially the sentence, "Believe that you are a pardoned creature, and this will issue in your being a purified creature."

After some further conversation on this subject, and others connected with his own reception of the message of salvation through human instrumentality, he said, "I pray much that you may live long to win many souls to the gracious Saviour."

Alluding to five weeks having passed since he had first received the message of Christ, he said,

"I bless God for these five weeks; but not so much as I want to bless Him."

"You will have eternity for that."

"True, and it will not be too long." He added, soon afterwards, "I can pray more than I did, but I want to know more of fellowship with Christ: to hear His voice speaking to me. I hear it from the lips of these dear friends, His ambassadors—but I want to have a message straight from the King's own lips, reaching my heart when I am alone."

"But you do not fear that you are not 'in Him' now?"

"Oh! no—not for a moment. Saved by Him—safe in Him!"

CHAPTER III.

About this time I was exceedingly interested in the soul of a dying man in the village, the father of a family living near to the house where Mr. R. lodged. Frequently it was from the room of poor A. A. that I went to Mr. R., and deeply and prayerfully was my interest shared by my invalid friend. He listened with eagerness to every hopeful account, to everything that told of the Lord's exceeding grace, and of answers to prayer. When he heard of the poor man's expression, "It is all true what Miss M. told me; she said the nearer I got to death, the nearer Christ would be to me: He has been near to me, through that fiery pain—and I felt as if I was half in glory;" he exclaimed, "Oh! delightful—worth all the suffering! *Now* we must *thank* God."

He sent him at one time a message of sym-

pathy with the text, "*All things* work together for good to them that love God."—Rom. viii. 28. And "Looking unto Jesus."—Heb. xii. 2.

On the evening of poor A. A.'s death, Mr. R. was very ill. I had to leave him to fulfil a promise to go to A., whose happy spirit, I found when I arrived, had just passed into his Saviour's presence.

When I returned, Mr. R. asked me so pointedly how he was, that I could only answer, "He is at rest."

A silence followed—and Mrs. R. wept. In his quiet way, he also was much affected, and said, "He has *won his victory* before me. But I may follow him to-night."

Just then Mr. C. came in, and spoke of the wonderful change to A. from that bed of suffering.

"It would not be so wonderful to me," said Mr. R.; "nothing would surprise me very much *after having found out that God loved me.*"

Mr. C. remained with him for another half-hour. I went down later in the evening with some strawberries—regretting that I had told him so late at night of the death of one whose condition he had thought somewhat parallel to his own, and wishing to turn the current of his thoughts by further conversation.

He was sitting by the open window, looking up into the dark blue sky and amongst the stars. "I was thinking," he said, "what hymn A. is singing now."

"I happen to know," I replied—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive Power, and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Blessing." "For Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God Kings and Priests."

The thought of our thus knowing what was passing in heaven cheered him, and he enjoyed the hymns beginning—

"How bright those glorious spirits shine;"

and

"Hail to the Lord's anointed."*

And then our thoughts swept over death to the resurrection, and the glorious reign of Christ over the earth. So we left him, revived in spirit, and he said he believed he should have some sleep.

But I have anticipated, in thus speaking of the death of our dear friend in Christ, A. A.,

* See Appendix.

which did not take place till early in July, and I return to memoranda made from day to day.

June 19.—This evening his conversation was full of anecdote and easy thought. He read me an extract from the *Lancet*, on Psychological Phenomena, and then said, after some reflection, "For one thing I should like to recover—to try to serve God in my practice, to tell the dying love of a living Saviour."

Soon afterwards he said, "I have read St. Matthew's gospel to-day. It is beautifully circumstantial, but I like St. John's best: we should have lost much of the mind of Christ if St. John had not written his gospel. Your brother-in-law says it was a supplemental history, by divine purpose, to fill up that which was wanting in the three others." He added, "God has opened my mind to search and my heart to receive His word; but I wish I had studied it diligently in health, that I might have had it *at my fingers' ends* in sickness."

Just then a message came for me.—"But you will not leave without prayer?" said he.

"Not unless you are weary."

"Never too weary for that," he replied. "I would be much more tired rather than miss it."

Before I rose from my knees he said, "What

ever may have been my doubts about identifying our friends in heaven, I *believe* I shall know *you* —and bless you for all you have done for my soul."

June 23.—He said, "Last night I fell asleep twice when trying to pray, and it grieves me to remember it." I said,—

"The arch-enemy of souls takes advantage of bodily weakness to try to hinder prayer."

"I agree with you; but we must not lay *all* the blame on him: there is the sinful slothful heart within, ready to yield to his suggestions."

Shortly after he said, "I want to have more love to Christ, enough to fill my heart and soul."

I read him some notes of Mr. C.'s conversation with my father on Revelation xxi., and he delighted in the literal belief of the latter, in the account of the New Jerusalem; thinking, with him, that so glorious a city would not be unworthy of the great Architect.

On June 24th he was much depressed. Deep convictions of sin hid from him the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. But "at eventide it was light," and he rejoiced again.

Speaking next day of poor A. A.'s simple unquestioning faith, Mr. R. said, "It almost makes me wish to have been uneducated, to receive the

Gospel as he does, like a child—without a conflict, without a fear, without a doubt."

June 26.—He had been reading St. Paul's Epistle to Philemon with great admiration. "What tact and delicacy he displays, and how exquisite are his appeals to feeling! and then his love to one who had been a dishonest, runaway slave! 'I beseech thee for *my son* Onesimus.'" He also expressed great delight in Rom. iii. to viii. "We should have lost the very pith and marrow of the Gospel, if God had not inspired St. Paul to write that epistle."

I then read him the first and second chapters of Ephesians, to which he listened with great delight; stopping me at the words, "God, who is rich in mercy." "How beautiful is that expression! If He had not been RICH in mercy, we should have exhausted it long ago."

He was pleased at my leaving him for his nightly meditation, "He (Jesus Christ) is our peace."

"Thank you," said he; "what *a pillow* to rest upon!—the Bible has such beauties in it, which I never saw before."

Sunday Night, June 27.—I found him reading the Testament; the first eight chapters of Revelation. We spoke of the message to the

Laodicean church, and the blessed words of encouragement *even to her:* "If any man open to me, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with me."

Tears stood in his eyes: "If I were to recover I should desire to serve God *wholly:* but I feel how weak and helpless I am. I can hardly think He would deign to use me in His service."

"Is not His grace sufficient for you?"

After a pause, "*Yes.*" Then, in broken sentences, the difficulty of breathing impeding them, (and the words coming with startling force from that calm undemonstrative man), "I think—if God—enabled me to win one soul—to Christ, I should—*go mad with joy.*"

Assuredly the Holy Ghost, who lighted up that love to Christ in his soul, did not implant the desire to disappoint it.

We then spoke of the evidence of being born of the Spirit, in a desire to glorify Christ,—that being the peculiar work of the Spirit. "He shall testify of me," &c. I told him that it seemed to me, from the Word of God, that there was a natural unconscious Socinianism in every unconverted heart. "No man can say that Jesus Christ is Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." "Have you noticed that men will say, 'God bless you,'

and yet call it 'cant' if you reply, 'The Lord Jesus be with your spirit,' or even mention His name in conversation?"

"I have noticed it: my friend D. has been ridiculed in my hearing for his mention of the Saviour."

Mr. D. has been a faithful friend from their school days. In a recent letter to Mr. R. he wrote, "Thank you for writing me word you are leaning on Christ alone, and have found that God in Christ has been very gracious to you."

Mrs. H. (the owner of his lodging) told me one day that Mr. R. had been speaking to his wife on 2 Cor. v., the earthly house and the heavenly, &c., so beautifully, that she left the room to hide her tears.

Another blessed proof of the Spirit's work and guidance I must here mention. He sent for two individuals by whom he considered he had been deeply injured, and whom he had once determined not to see again or forgive, and besought them so earnestly to come to Christ Jesus for pardon and righteousness, and thus to find the same Saviour he had found, that they left the room surprised into tears by his tenderness and humility of manner.

To his little daughter, who was most fondly

attached to him, he constantly talked of the Saviour's love, and the heaven He has prepared. At one time I found him greatly occupied with the remarkable way in which God seems to be sending an answer to his prayers for her. He said, "Her little mind seems full of the Saviour and of heaven. She asks me every question which *could* enter such a babe's thoughts. But her two most earnest inquiries are, 'Father, will there be flowers in heaven? Shall I know you and hear you talk to me there?'"

He told me also, that little Marion had wept the night before, because she was not invited to come in for prayer; and that he had heard her in the adjoining room, where she was left alone. repeating a little prayer she had learnt, over and over again, "Lord Jesus, teach me to love Thee —*do* teach me to love Thee."

He told me she had slept in his room one night, and awoke saying, "My father, do you love me?" He added, "I thought I should like to awake, saying, My Saviour, do you love me? And I do not doubt His answer: it would not be a denial."

In conversation, one evening, he told me, that if ever he were well enough to read anything besides his Bible, he would like to study the best

works on unfulfilled prophecy. "I feel," said he, "such an interest opening to me in the thoughts of the Redeemer coming to reign where He was by wicked hands crucified and slain. It is natural to rejoice in the honours done to a friend—how much more when that friend has been previously misunderstood and injured! And SUCH A FRIEND!—SUCH A FRIEND AND SAVIOUR!"

June 29.—His brother-in-law visited him, and remarked on the beaming serenity of his countenance, and his happy frame of mind. "If we could all live in such a state of mind," said Mr. E., "earth would be like heaven." Mr. R. never wearies in speaking of his brother-in-law's delicate and generous kindness to him, and prays God to reward him.

On the evening of July 3d, he said he had passed a week of great peace to his soul. "At five o'clock this morning," he said, "I was reading Romans iv., and it struck me that the whole Gospel was given in those words, 'Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification.'" He then showed me a paper he had been writing, at that hour, on those words—he had been too weak to finish it. He said, "One might go through folios on such a

subject." The notes were these,—"*Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification.* Here it seems to me we have the very quintessence of the whole Gospel: Christ's death and resurrection, and the benefits of both, given in the fewest possible words; His deliverance by Judas—by the Jews —by God the Father. But with what strikingly different motives were all these surrenders made! Judas for *gain*, the Jews for *envy*, the Father's for *love*, Christ's in compassion for miserable sinners."

When I was reading to him, that same evening, Romans v., he remarked on the words, "That where sin abounded, grace did much more abound;" "Delightful!—a neutralizer, and a great deal over!" And afterwards, "I have read these things before, but they come out now in a new light and beauty."

He spoke to me one evening of his little son, and of the child's mother—her lovely life, and blessed death. He spoke with much feeling: "I know now," he said, "what it was that made the closing months of her life so calm and peaceful: I could not understand it *then*, nor how she could hear, with so much more resignation than I could have in telling her, that she

must die, and leave the little child she loved so well." He spoke of her remarkable and highly cultivated intellect and singular powers of judgment: "She trained her child in a most faultless manner; implicit obedience, and trusting, ardent affection, were the child's moral features, as they were those of his mother."

I read him a passage from an old book which I had lent him six weeks ago, and in which he takes exceeding delight,—Watson *On Divine Contentment.* To-day he enjoyed Romans vi., vii., viii., particularly St. Paul's indignant denial of the notion, that the doctrines of grace, rightly received, would lead to carelessness of life. "What then? shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid! how shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?"

On the morning of July 9th, we read again Romans ix. (which I had read without remark the preceding evening), and then my father's commentary on it. Mr. R. told me he had spent two hours in meditation on that chapter (from four to six o'clock in the morning), and gave me the result, before he had heard my father's thoughts about it. They singularly coincided, and I was astonished with his clearness of view

with regard to the difficult question involved in that chapter. He said, with his pleasant frankness of manner, "You were afraid to meet that chapter last night."

"I confess it," I replied: "I rest my soul on the words, 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' and that Judge is God, and God is LOVE; and with this armour on, I am not afraid of the 9th of Romans *now* for myself, but I did not know how you might meet it just yet."

He replied, "It was better to meet it, and in God's might to master it. But I am grieved to think that I read it this morning without at the moment asking God's blessing upon it." I did not know before that he was always in the habit of praying before reading the Word of God.

His love to the souls of men increased daily. He was excessively interested in the account of Mr. W. B.'s recent visit to an old lady who was in great alarm at the prospect of death, and had sent for him, because she heard that he, like the disciples of old, was "filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost." When I told him Mr. B. had spent the greater part of two nights in prayer for her, he rejoicingly said, "Oh! it is done then: God has already granted it."

With characteristic simplicity and truthful-

ness, he told me one day that his wife had seen a difference in him since he had found peace with God through Jesus Christ: "a change from impatience and irritability to something more like patience and gentleness;" adding, "I thought I ought to tell you, as you had spoken to me about it, and prayed about it."

He afterwards told me that he and his wife prayed daily that I might not be called away from B. whilst his life lasts. "I have prayed this petition earnestly," he said, "but latterly I have learned to put a limit to the prayer; it is this,—unless God has a work for you to do for Him elsewhere. I would spare you for that, willingly, though my deepest spiritual blessing has been imparted through you. *God will supply me.*"

He was greatly delighted with Hawker's remarks on *Peace in Jesus.* "It is not enough, blessed Jesus, that Thou give me peace, *unless Thou* art my peace," &c. I was struck with the growth of his spirit, as compared with the time when he found a similar passage in the same book "enigmatical to him." Since then the Spirit has indeed been "taking of Christ and showing it unto him."

On the 10th of July, we finished the Epistle

to the Romans. The same evening I repeated to him John xiv., in the dusk. In speaking of the Saviour's preparing a place for us, I was struck with his expression, "*The trouble and care He took about it.*" Then alluding to the promise, "I will not leave you comfortless," he said, how precious it was. When I repeated the words, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," he said, "We will leave off there: those words are exquisitely tender. What a Saviour! what a Friend! I want to feel Him nearer to me: He *is* near, but I want Him to be so near that I may feel His touch upon me."

After finishing the Romans, we read the Epistle to the Ephesians. He used to read the chapters over before I called, and then we read and conversed about them together. He asked me one day, if I had any thoughts with reference to the passage he had read that day in Ephesians iii., "That ye may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge?" I answered that the words conveyed an idea of infinity to me, but nothing definite.

"It occurred to me," he said, "that the *breadth*

of the love indicates that it is for the whole world; the *length*, from eternity to eternity; the *depth*, to the vilest of sinners (He is 'come to seek and to save that which was lost'); and the *height*, to raise us to heaven."

His growth in grace at this time was rapid indeed; he was always desirous of hearing the Word of God, and of prayer; and so clear and simple was his faith, that one could see he was "taught of God," and "great" was his "peace."

One evening, after choosing for me the text, "The Lord of peace Himself give you peace always, by all means," he expounded to me how he thought *it meant what it said* "by *all* means," even by those which might seem most disadvantageous for peace. And he was delighted when I told him that this view of that rich, and deep, and wide blessing, had long been a treasury of comfort to me.

Speaking one day of the doctrine of the ministration of angels, he said, "I see it revealed, but take no particular pleasure in it:" then, with intense fervour, he added, "It is enough for me that I have my Saviour."

Out of several passages which I offered him for his subject of thought, one night, from the Epistle to Titus, which he had been reading, he

chose, "Who gave Himself for us." "Nothing can be like those words to me," he said.

After a great trial of breathing, he said, "I bless God for all the ease He *has* given me."

"And still more for the will He has given you to bless Him?"

"Yes," he replied: "it is pleasant to bless Him."

He was delighted with an expression of Gonthier's, "I bless and praise Him for all His goodness to me, till I have to begin again, and thank Him for the power of blessing Him."

On July 22d there came over him a great change for the worse. In the morning he was scarcely able to listen. I went again in the afternoon, and sat quietly by the window arranging Miss W.'s beautiful gift of flowers for him. When the little work was completed, I said, "The Lord sends this balm for you: 'I, even I, am He that comforteth you.'" He smiled, and said it extended to soul and body.

In the evening he was much worse, and thought he might not live through the night. I quoted the words, "Fear not, for I am with thee:" with his old smile he said, "I have no fear that He will desert me now."

A little while after, "How wretched I should be now if I had not found my Saviour; or rather, *if He had not found me!* But He is my rock; He strengthens me physically, by strengthening me mentally, enabling me to bear this distress of body."

After a pause he added, "What are the exact words of that text about thanksgiving, which you told me two evenings ago?" I quoted several, and at last, "In everything give thanks." "That is it," he said.

"But can *you* give thanks *now*, in this great bodily suffering?"

"Oh! yes: how great are His mercies to me! what has He not done for my soul!"

After a pause, I repeated the first few verses of John xiv., which he deeply enjoyed; and dwelt on the tenderness of the words, "I will come again and receive you to *myself*." "What a home!" he added: "no burden there—no weary head."

About the 24th of July there was another rallying. He told me, that in the previous night the Holy Spirit had enabled him to pray each time he awoke. After some further conversation, he said, "I want a closer communion with my God and Saviour."

"Does anything come between your soul and Him?"

(Thoughtfully, and after a pause) "No—nothing now: He is my FIRST—my ALL."

Soon afterwards he said, "I do not wish to recover, *unless* it were more for His glory. I would rather go to Him. *To die is gain.*"

I quoted his words, some weeks ago, of his exceeding desire to win souls to Christ. "Is it less ardent now?"

"I think I can say—*not.*"

He then spoke of the excessive dread he had formerly felt of this stage of consumption, adding, "And now Jesus makes my time, even my wakeful nights, seem short: they are so peaceful."

He was greatly interested by a visit from Mr. W. B.,* and prayer with him, and by my dear uncle's sudden appearance on the Sunday, and wished to see him. He gave him his earnest blessing, and this text for prayer, "Christ in you the hope of glory."

* A dear and valued friend in Christ, since entered into his eternal rest. "His works do follow him."

CHAPTER IV.

During the early part of August, Mr. R. had occasional depression of spirits; but his prevailing state was serene and peaceful.

He told me one evening that he thought God was increasing his earnestness in prayer, for he seldom concluded his petitions without tears.

One of his remarks to me was, that he thought the change which took place in heaven, after the death of Christ, must have been as great as that which had taken place on earth; all possibility of falling being excluded, so that no more angels could lose their first estate: they had seen the magnitude of the evil of sin, and what it cost to atone for it; they had seen, too, that fallen angels did not share in the benefit of the atonement. He liked Lord Bacon's definition of our Lord's headship: "The head of

redemption to man—the head of preservation to angels."

He told me, one afternoon, that he had been reading several chapters in the New Testament with so much interest, he had been unable to pause. And that day being the anniversary of our beloved ——'s death, I mentioned some details of his last hours, which much interested him. "Cheering and encouraging," he said, "to hear of such a quiet victory."

About this time Mr. R. rallied wonderfully, and enjoyed several drives, through Mrs. H.'s kindness in lending him a pony-chair.

He became less communicative as to his spiritual state. But an increasing clearness of view, and firmness of grasp of God's plan of salvation, with a pervading desire to be enabled to glorify God, and a hungering after His Word, and after prayer, made us all fully satisfied that the work of the Lord was going on in his soul.

He said to F. F. one day, "They talk much of the gold diggings now, but I have found more precious gold in the Word of God:" and then told her in what a state of mental misery I had found him; "and now," said he, with deep earnestness, "I am *happy*."

At another time he said, "If I were to re-

cover, what an object to live for would be my Saviour's glory!" Again, speaking of Dr. S.'s advice, that he should go to Malaga,

"Unless God's providence called me there, that is, by a fair prospect of recovery if I undertook to go, I would *far* rather remain here. I dread the loss of my spiritual privileges. What if I should be less able to restrain the irritability of disease, without the advisers and comforters God has given me here? And I have my Saviour's glory to think of now."

"But He is sufficient for these things?"

"YES."

He read my father's *Plain Thoughts on Prophecy*, and for the second time *Perfect Peace*, which he greatly enjoys. The large Testament was always by his side, and often open. Hawker's *Morning Portion*, which at one time he could not like, became so great a favourite that I ordered a copy for him, for Mrs. R. to read to him daily after his breakfast. He often read several passages at a time to himself, and especially enjoyed the remarks on the brazen serpent. But Watson *On Divine Contentment* continued to be his chief favourite; he never wearied of it.

But now a singularly sudden relapse took

place. He went out too late one afternoon to sit in his easy chair in the cricket-field, and got a thorough chill: still he seemed cheerful.

In the evening I repeated to him my mother's favourite hymn,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,"

and remarked, "In such a state as yours, how comfortable it is to turn back and look again at the first invitations to salvation; such as, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;' and then to stand upon the vantage ground of *having* closed with these invitations, 'I know in WHOM I *have* believed, and am persuaded that He will keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.'"

He earnestly assented, and added, "When you first told me of the way of salvation, I said, it was too simple: I wanted something less easy —more elaborate; but now I see its simplicity was its difficulty to me, as it was its greatness."

He then regretted that, comparatively, few men of genius had consecrated their powers to the service of God. "But," he added, "the top-shelf of all *was* so consecrated. Sir Isaac Newton's was among the first of those names:

Lord Bacon believed, but did little for the edifying of the church of God." He remarked that Satan, as the god of this world, blinded the human mind until God commanded the light to shine out of darkness (and *into* darkness), and give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus.

Then speaking of the necessity of fervency in prayer, he said, "I must not allow too much for languor of body; I must be more fervent again, notwithstanding this sudden accession of weakness, so to speak."

"But you must not make a saviour even of your fervency in prayer: you must give all the glory of your salvation to Him in whose name you pray, and who intercedes for you — will you not?"

"*All* the glory — every whit."

By Friday night, Sept. 10th, his sufferings had greatly increased: his patience under them was wonderful. One afternoon, after some hours of exquisite suffering, I said, "Does not all this tempt you to doubt your Saviour's love for the body which he has redeemed (as well as the soul)?"

With an effort he spoke, and his faint eye shone, "No, not for a moment!"

As Mr. C. was describing to him one evening, with great beauty and clearness, the blending of the work of salvation, though performed in distinct offices, by the blessed Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, he assented to all with intense earnestness. The "yes," "yes," formed a confession of faith.

He wished M. to pray with him, saying, "I have not had one of her prayers yet," and was affected to tears when she did so one morning.

During this attack of illness he expressed great comfort in listening to hymns, which formerly he rather disliked. His favourite hymns were those which make mention of a Saviour's love. "My song shall be alway of the loving-kindness of the Lord," might be his motto.

About the 12th of September he seemed considerably revived, read a great deal of his Bible, and conversed with animation on its ever-opening storehouse of treasures. Two things struck him forcibly in the latter chapters of St. John's Gospel,—"the *leisureliness* and *humanness* (as he expressed it) of the resurrection: the napkin of the head folded up in a place by itself; no hurry—and such an idea of human hands conveyed:" the other thought was, the evidence of our Lord's Divinity in His reply to Thomas's

doubt (a doubt uttered in His absence), "Reach hither thy finger, and thrust it into my side," &c.

He was interested in tracing Nicodemus's growing faith and courage, from his visit to Jesus by night, to his appeal for just judgment for Him in the synagogue, and at last to his open honour of the body of the Lord Jesus, after His crucifixion—when apostles were shrinking back afraid—probably until reassured by the example of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus.

His gratitude is most touching—so refined in its expression—and delicate in appreciation of little things. When I entered his room on the morning of the 15th, which he had been told was my birthday, he was writing for me the text, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved," and said it was "*an open* call," for *any* thing. He wrote also the text Mrs. R. had chosen for me—"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that *bringeth glad tidings*, that publisheth peace—that bringeth glad tidings of good, that publisheth salvation." That evening we spoke of the blessedness of being *with the Lord Jesus*—and his heart was full; his "Ah"—and his smile—and his tear, were fraught with meaning.

He expressed a wish to receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper again, and asked if my father would administer it to him when he should be a little better than he was that day. His views of the subject were remarkably simple and sweet. An old writer, named Doolittle, seemed to meet them, and to be very pleasant to him. He liked *old* books best.

On the morning of September 17th, he told me he had felt a decided improvement in his state, and described his past sufferings as "a tongue on fire—the flames shooting up into the brain." "But last night," said he, "as I was meditating on the words, 'If I may but touch the hem of his garment I shall be made whole,' I felt I would go through all my sufferings again to be permitted to touch the hem of my Saviour's garment. *Anything* to get nearer to Him." I asked him, "You never doubt your acceptance in Christ now, do you?"

"No—but I want *more* faith, *more grace.*"

In conformity with the desire he had so frequently expressed, that my father should administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to him, I had, in my own mind, fixed on the day preceding the one when I was to leave home, for a season, for partaking with him of that

blessed ordinance. The *day* of my departure he had expressly begged me not to name to him beforehand. He was urgent upon me to go, for my health required it, but he dreaded *the last day*. When I proposed, therefore, Wednesday, the 25th September, for partaking of the Sacrament, he expressed a wish for another day of thought and prayer on the subject; so the journey was delayed till Friday.

He begged me to call on Thursday morning, to read and converse with his dear wife. I went accordingly, at eleven o'clock, and read those Scriptures which refer to the subject, and afterwards passages of Doolittle *On the Lord's Supper*, which Mr. R. also enjoyed devoutly. Mrs. R. was much affected.

At half-past five my father and I went to the house. My father remained alone with him for some time, and afterwards expressed himself as delighted with his simple faith and deep humility. When Mrs. R. and I entered the room, it was a touching sight to see that pale, worn, earnest face, with clear, glistening, expressive eyes, gazing up reverentially to my father's, as he bent tenderly over the sufferer, and spoke words of faith, and love, and peace; in a word, spoke of JESUS.

Mr. R. was looking more deeply peaceful than usual, as we rose from our knees after the blessed service was over, and we took leave. In the evening I went for my last visit. He gave me a fuller blessing than usual.

My farewell text for him at night was, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you."

CHAPTER V.

SHORTLY after our arrival at H. L., the following letter was received from him:—

October 6, 1852.

My much esteemed and valued friend,

I must first tell you how thankful I am for your safe arrival. I prayed for it fervently. We all prayed for it. Our prayers were heard. Your life, with your dear niece's, jeopardized twice in a period so short!

That Friend that "sticketh closer than a brother" had His eye upon you. He deserted you not in the hour of danger.

You have left me—not alone. I have the same kind Friend who availed you in the hour of need. And you have put me out to nurse: well, I cannot tell you how grateful I am to your

sister—her kind, comforting, soothing manner, the morning you left, I shall never forget. You left me a gracious substitute, her kindness quite overwhelms me; and dear Mr. C. is equally kind.

I felt your absence much, and was not, after all, prepared for it, and could not restrain my tears. How could I but feel the loss of one who, by the blessing of God, had first taught me to feel and see the blessed truths of the Gospel; the one who so kindly, diligently, and perseveringly, led me to see the value of making my Saviour's acquaintance! and that acquaintance, believe me, I am most anxious to increase. I want a kind of intimacy to spring up between my soul and my Saviour; and as an evidence of that, I want the oil of grace to be poured into my heart, so that the oil of gladness may shine in my countenance. How beautifully that little paper you kindly sent me chimes in with, and comprehends my chief want, viz. "May there be but more of God, readier access to Him, more fervent love, more heart-comforting intimations of His favour." This forms, and has for some time past formed, part of my morning and evening prayers. I join in your kind prayer that the Lord Jesus will make Himself manifest to me in

no common measure, filling my soul with Himself.

Your kind, dear father, has called on me several times since your departure, and each time has administered to me something good, something sweet, and it is always done in a kind and affectionate way, so calculated to reach the heart. Brighton seems to be benefiting him, I am glad to say; he was pleased to tell me my prescription succeeded perfectly. I must conclude. I want to say much more, but my head is turning rebel.

Yours, believe me,
Most gratefully,
G. R.

I must send you this passage from Watson, in which I delight: "Faith sucks the honey of contentment out of the hive of the promises—Christ is the vine, the promises are the clusters of grapes that grow upon this vine, and faith presseth out of them the sweet wine of contentment—I will show you but one cluster, 'The Lord will give grace and glory.'"

My dearest wife and children unite in grateful love.

———

My kind and much esteemed friend,

This morning your kind and welcome letter came safe to hand; how shall I thank you for it? It can only be in another world that I can give you any adequate idea of my feelings—only then shall I be able to thank you for all your kindness, temporal and spiritual. I must tell you, whilst I think of it, how much a text in Hawker, which I accidentally opened upon, came to my relief. "But he answered her not a word" (Matt. xv. 23). After a sleepless night, my morning thoughts were rather discomforting; the thought that disturbed me most was what little progress, as far as "outward and visible signs" go, I seem to have made towards my Lord and Saviour. I have not that oil of grace shining in my face. My constant prayer is, that I may have some sign, some manifestation as to my being marked out for salvation—that I am in the right road to His favour; notwithstanding all this, my prayer seems to be unheeded. He answers me not. This was my train of thinking when the text I ust quoted came to my rescue, and seemed quite a "God-send." I thought this morning, prayer was seemingly unheard; yet, as Hawker observes, "Nothing can be more

evident, than that the Lord had determined not only to grant her request, but to throw the reins of government into her hands, so completely, that it should be as she would. Learn then, from hence, how to interpret silence at the throne, upon every occasion of thine."

I find great comfort in my warm blue-edged jacket. *Many* thanks for it. Your kind sister will have another made for me, that one may be her gift. I cannot tell you what a treasure I find in her. Your sweet Lucy comes almost every day to see me, and reads to me when I can bear it. Your valued letter was not burnt—is not burnt—and will not be burnt. You need not trouble yourself to return the enclosed. What a delight it will be to us to see you again! You will be to me that inestimable spiritual blessing that you have ever been: but I want you to stay away as long as you comfortably can, so as to lay in a store of good health for the winter. My sweet flowers come the same as ever—dinners come the same—cream comes the same, so that one might almost think you were still behind the scene, and, like some invisible figure, directing all the movements. I have had a very sweet note from Dr. M., which you shall

see. Excuse this jargon. I cannot write more.

Your ever most grateful,

G. R.

My much valued friend,

Another of your kind, interesting epistles, arrived this morning. You cannot imagine what an important personage the postman is about half-past eleven every morning. I am so thankful to hear that you seem somewhat better. I trust Dr. M——r will see the necessity of your remaining perfectly quiet for a time—and may God bless the means used for your speedy recovery, is the earnest prayer of one whose soul, by the blessing of an Almighty God, you have been the means of rescuing from perdition. * * * * * My physical condition varies so much that I can scarcely write alike or think alike for two consecutive hours—except on the all-important subject, my salvation through Christ. I should like you to have seen how pleased my dear little child was when I read her the first lesson in the pretty little book you so kindly sent her. I asked her next morning, as soon as she opened her eyes, if she remembered the *verse* out of God's book—she directly repeated, "Thou,

God, seest me." Excuse the brevity of this note and its mistakes. My drive was short—but I am tired. May the everlasting arms of His mercy be underneath and round about you continually, is the prayer of

Yours ever, most gratefully,

G. R.

My much valued friend,

A few more words before I have the much anticipated pleasure of seeing you. Your friend Miss G. has just left me. I had a few minutes' nice talk with her. She has deluged me with good things during your kind sister's absence, whom I hope to have the pleasure of seeing to-day, on her return home.

I had hoped that I should have had a better account of you—you have suffered much, and I can scarcely hope that you are convalescent even now; let me entreat you not to think of returning till Dr. M——r gives you unqualified permission. Many thanks to your dear little niece for her kind letter, and many thanks also for the delightful little book; but I have so many things to thank you for, that I can only thank you *adequately* in another world, where our powers of language will be quite adequate to all our

ideas and feelings. No want of the power of expression there—all our most inward thoughts free and open. I feel like a child just learning to walk alone—my spiritual friends are all away from me, except my great spiritual Master. HE is *always* by my side.

I have been thinking of Rahab's justification. Does she not tell us, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin?" What a consolation it is to poor wretched sinners, that there are no depths of transgression God's love will not cover —no heights of iniquity God's great mercy will not reach! "Grace be unto you, and peace, from Him which is, and which was, and which is to come." May the Spirit of the Lord rest upon you, and upon your ever grateful friend,

G. R.

CHAPTER VI.

During the time of my absence, my sister and her husband visited Mr. R. daily; indeed I think scarcely a day passed without two visits from M., beside dear L.'s afternoon hour of reading to him. Mrs. M. also called on him several times; and my father saw him frequently before he went to Brighton. My sister said that he did not express much of what was passing in his mind, but that little gave her glimpses of a deep and quiet work of grace. He rallied greatly, and several times went out in the pony-carriage which Mrs. H. so kindly lent him, driving himself, Mrs. R., and little Marion; and occasionally the baby, who was then just beginning to talk and amuse him.

He welcomed me back with a thanksgiving to God which greatly touched me.

He was much interested in the life of Dr. Reid

of St. Andrews; but he was no longer able to read for many hours at a time.

I was myself confined to my room by illness for a fortnight, soon after my return; and I found, when able to make my way to him again, how little of the Bible he was able to hear at a time, compared to our long Scripture readings in the summer.

Before long, all other books but the Bible were laid aside. But he still read the leading articles of *The Times;* and the change of the late ministry and coalition of the new occupied and excited him more (as it seemed to me) than was well for a man in his circumstances. The great improvement in his health in the summer, and the measure of rallying power even after his serious but temporary drawback, doubtless combined, with the ever sanguine tendency of his malady, to raise indefinite hopes of recovery—so natural to a man of his original Herculean strength.

It was on one of the early days of this month (during which he had been almost entirely confined to his bed from increasing weakness), that I ventured to speak to him on this subject. He had been occupying the whole time of my visit with an animated and vigorous statement of his

own political views and opinions, and in giving me a comprehensive summary of several late leading articles of *The Times*. This, however, considerably excited him, even to a state of feverish agitation. At the conclusion, after a silence, I said, "We have lost our time for reading to-day, and can only have a prayer. Shall we agree henceforth to banish the subjects of this world's interests?"

He was silent for some time; then said, "I differ from that which I perceive is in your mind on this matter. Is it not our duty to enter into all that concerns the welfare of our country? Becoming in the true sense of the word a *Christian* man, does not unmake me an *Englishman*, and as such, I ought to interest myself in every question affecting the prosperity of Englishmen."

After pausing for silent prayer, I replied, "Truly it was your duty, when you had the prospect of prolonged life, and of a return to active duties; but *now*, I think, the only news which should *greatly* occupy your mind should be 'the good news from a far country.'"

He was silent again for a short time, then looked up with his peculiarly true and earnest gratitude of expression, and said, "I bless God

for such a faithful friend." I believe he never unfolded *The Times* from that day.

For some weeks previously his appetite had been failing with his strength, and his disinclination to leave his bed increased. It was on the 8th of January that I noticed a remarkable depression. He referred, with a heavy sigh, to the joy in the Lord with which he had been favoured in the summer. I asked if he had any enjoyment in communion with Him now? He shook his head. "But you do not doubt the fact of your Saviour's love to you?"

"Oh, no, never!" he replied.

On the morning of January 13th, a note from Mrs. R. summoned me, about nine o'clock. I found her husband lying in a state of insensibility; but, after a few minutes, he knew my voice, and held out his hand. "If you cannot speak," I said, "and wish to tell me that your Saviour is with you, put out your hand to me again." He did so, and clasped mine emphatically.

After swallowing a cordial with some difficulty, he recovered his speech, and told me he believed himself dying, but had no fear, because Christ was with him, *and had redeemed him.*

Late in the afternoon I was with him again.

He said he had passed a pleasant time, thinking of heaven, and what it would be to be in the presence of the Saviour.

When I quoted the words, "Thou *hast* made known to me the way of life; thou shalt make me full of joy with thy countenance," he rejoined,

"The first clause is my experience—the last is my faith."

He referred two or three times to Mr. C.'s prayer last night, and said it was so very full and beautiful, he wished every word could be written down. His countenance beamed with the expression of exceeding tranquillity.

On January 14th he experienced a wonderful rally, of which he wrote me word with his own hand. In the afternoon he conversed for two hours with all the power and animation of his best days in the summer. Amongst several remarks on Scriptural subjects, he said he had been wondering why our Lord waited until He was thirty years of age to begin His ministry, as it was evident from His conversation with the doctors that He was fitted for it at twelve years of age. Then this solution occurred to him: His humanity was to be perfectly natural in its development. Had He entered upon His

work as an evangelist precociously, the Jews would have made a handle of it, and said that he was not human: therefore He waited till His manhood was in its acknowledged prime.

He took great delight in the resurrection hope, and on Mr. C.'s remarks on the identity of our Lord's body after His resurrection with that which it was before; though spiritualised and glorified, it bore the marks of suffering unto death.

From January 20th he began to fail. Mr. W. of B., who most kindly attended him from that day as a medical friend, thought he had been administering opiates to himself on a too much increasing scale.

One day, I scarcely thought he heard my father's words; but, in the afternoon of the same day, he said, "Tell my revered friend, I have found the comfort of the little prayer he left with me, 'Lord, help me;'" and he greatly enjoyed a card hung by his table, on which the words were written in large type,—

"Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free Spirit."

"Wilt Thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in Thee?"

On the 31st of January he mentioned to me

the opinion given by Mr. W. concerning the opiates he took, to which I have alluded above; and spoke of the exceeding suffering which ensued when the number of "Batley's Drops" was diminished, or the time of taking them postponed.

Pausing for prayer that I might have grace to say openly what had been long on my heart, I told him that it seemed to me that he had lost somewhat of the fervour of his first love to the Lord Jesus of late, and that I believed the remedy recommended to him by another medical adviser had deadened his powers in some measure. "If this view were correct," I added, "would it not be better to suffer rather more physical distress than the loss of spiritual comfort and of opportunities of glorifying his Saviour *to the last?*"

He seemed pained with me, and there was a long silence. I rose to go, and asked if there was anything I could get for him. He said, with touching earnestness, "More thankfulness to God for so faithful a friend! How you have sought my soul's welfare! Disease and remedies have probably alike deadened my sensibilities, *but I rest on my Saviour.* I am utterly undeserving of His love, but I believe He loves

me, and will receive me unto Himself." He then added, that the little prayer which my father had left with him, "Lord, help me," was a constant aid to him; and enjoyed being reminded that it was the prayer of the Syrophenician woman, for whose brief, marvellous history, he had a preference beyond all the other stories in the Gospel.—See Matthew, xv. 21–28.

He pointed to his card with the words of Psalm li. 12, and Psalm lxxxv. 6, and said he read them continually.

"But do you *pray* them?"

"Well, if earnestly reading, and earnestly desiring them, be prayer, I *do* pray those words."

From that day he diminished the opium to *about half the quantity*—a manful, or rather a Christian, effort, which only a sufferer long under its influence can fully appreciate. And with thankfulness to God I marked how soon his clearness and serenity of mind increased. My faith was strengthened to believe that, in spite of all his nerves had suffered, his peace would again "flow like a river."

On Tuesday, February 1st, he said to me, "I want you to print for me, in large letters, these words,—'THE SON OF MAN IS COME TO SEEK AND TO SAVE THAT WHICH WAS LOST:' and

these words from *Rutherford's Letters*,—'I WANT NOTHING NOW BUT A FURTHER REVELATION OF THE BEAUTY OF THE UNSEEN SON OF GOD:' and then hang them on the posts at the foot of my bed, to remain there till I die."

As I suspended the cards, I pointed out to him that he had made, by the choice of those words, a confession of faith in the creed, once so irreconcilable to his reason—the Manhood and the Godhead of his Redeemer.

He answered emphatically, "YES."

CHAPTER VII.

On the 2d of February, Mr. R.'s brother-in-law (in whose visits he always delights, and of whose great and generous kindness he loves to speak) told me that, an hour or two after his arrival the previous night, Mr. R. had been speaking to him most impressively of the peace imparted to him through entire trust in the love and the finished work of the Redeemer. "True peace!" he added. He told Mr. E. that we had promised to see his little Marion from time to time, God permitting, and to watch over her spiritual welfare, and he expressed the comfort it gave him. At the time I mentioned it, he seemed almost insensible, and I scarcely thought he would hear my voice; but he turned round and grasped my hand, while tears literally

streamed down his cheeks, saying, "This was my greatest wish—the Lord reward you!"

Mr. E. told me with tears, how great an effect was produced on him by witnessing the state of his beloved relative's mind. He also told me, that last April Mr. R. had expressed an earnest desire to come to B., even when told that the place would not be salutary for him.

"It will be," he always replied: "If I go to B. *I shall be saved.*"

On entering the house on the 5th of February, Mrs. R. took me aside to tell me with tears that her husband had been speaking to her most beautifully of the Saviour, beseeching her to seek Him with her whole heart. He begged her to fasten to the head of her bed after his death the card on which were the words from Rutherford, and to keep it always there. "By looking at it continually," he said, "through the blessing of God, the thirst for it will increase."

Throughout the night, she said, he seemed engaged in communion with his Saviour, and repeated again and again the words, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was *lost.*"

She mentioned his increasing thoughtfulness

to spare trouble, and his tender care for her comfort. To me he continually said, "My dear wife is wearing herself out with her devotion to me: she gives herself no rest, night or day."

His countenance had *all* the serenity of its aspect last summer. He said to me, "All is peace."

"Does the Lord Jesus seem near you?"

"Yes." He said to his wife, "Death is but a dark doorway into heaven."

On entering his room the morning of February 11th, I heard him praying: his hand rested on his wife's—tears were streaming down her cheeks. I made a sign to her, not to notice me; but he had just concluded. She told me afterwards, that he had been praying for each of us by name and for herself; for his children, for his relatives and friends, by name. "He seemed pouring out his soul in prayer," she said. When he perceived me, he held out his hand, and with the other pointed with intense earnestness of expression to the two cards on his bed-posts, then to his heart, and collecting his struggling breath, he said solemnly, "'He came to seek and to save that which was *lost*.' I was lost—you know well—LOST."

"And He found you?"

"Yes; stop there—He found me; that is enough—enough for ever; HE found *me*."

Tears slowly traced each other down his fevered cheeks.

A little while afterwards he said again, he wanted "to see more of the beauty of the Son of God."

I replied, "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty."

He raised his eyes with an expression of adoring gratitude.

We then spoke of what it would be to talk together in the "city of habitation" of "the right way," by which our God had led us each into it, and of the love which made Him seek us out, and "bring us home rejoicing."

He seemed greatly delighted with M.'s idea of sending for a water-bed for him, and spoke with peculiarly cheerful thankfulness of all his mercies. His soul seemed to "dwell at ease," yet in deepest humility and self-abasement.

When I mentioned our prayers for him at the cottage reading, he said, "I need them—deeply need them: I want more grace—I need prayer for every thing."

As I was leaving he said, "The Lord bless you: you will be blessed—you must be blessed."

On February 12th, I found him as serene as the day before, and full of gentle thought for every one. He dozed for a time as I sat beside him, and seemed engaged in prayer during the slumber. I heard the broken sentences, "Lord Jesus, open the door to me: Thou art the door —oh, loving, gracious Father, receive me, for His sake;" and others which I could hardly distinguish.

When I was alone with him for a short time, he said, "The adversary tried me last night. I thought I was cast out from the Saviour's presence. Oh, the terrors of that vision! It was like a rescue to see the glass of water by my side, and to know by that that I was still on earth—*not* cast out from His presence for ever —not plucked hopelessly from Him whom my soul loveth."

I replied, "He has said, 'My sheep shall never perish, neither shall *any* pluck them out of my Father's hand.'"

"*Neither shall any*," he rejoined, "*ever*," and covered his face with his hands.

Whilst steadfastly watching the falling snow, he remarked, "The ancients said, there was nothing so pure as snow, but *we* know of something purer;—a human soul, washed in the

blood of Christ. 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'" Looking upward, he added soon after, "Holiness will be unspotted *there*."

On the last night in January the water-bed arrived. At ten o'clock on the Sunday morning, M. and I went to him at his request, to direct as to its being filled and made up, and his removal to it. We fancied it would have been half-an-hour's work at longest, but it took two hours to fill it. He was distressed at keeping us from church, till reminded of our Lord's own words about works of love on that day, of which He is Lord.

Before we left him, he asked me to read him the Litany, and requested M. to respond for him; but we heard his voice from time to time, and his uplifted hand and eye spoke when his voice was silent. He thanked God and us for "the delicious ease of his new bed."

In the afternoon his kind brother-in-law came over from B ——. He spoke of wishing to do all he could for Mr. R.'s physical comfort, so as to leave his mind at peace. Mr. R. earnestly rejoined, "*That is at peace;*" and a moment afterwards, "Jesus has rejoiced over a repenting sinner—over me: His blood has made me clean

—His death and resurrection have opened the gate of heaven to me."

In the afternoon of February 14th, I found my sister and brother with him. After they left, he said he had exceedingly enjoyed Mr. C.'s prayer, and then alluded to little kindnesses shown him by friends, which he said "encompassed him." He spoke earnestly of his wife's tender devotion to him; and of his medical friend Mr. W.'s generous kindness and attention with great gratitude.

When M. called again for me, he was suffering from an attack of suffocation; he signed to me to remain, and said soon afterwards, "Stay a little longer—stay to the end." On recovering in a measure from the attack, he remarked, "That was a knock at the door, but it was not loud enough."

"No knocking will be able to open it," I replied, "until the Lord Jesus chooses to turn the key,* and when He does, you will hear His voice calling you, and you will not wish to linger."

"Oh," he rejoined, "I shall throw up my hat for joy!"

A little while later he said, "I want you to

* Revelation, i. 18.

know where I am: I do not want to deceive—I never did—I am but a poor sinner, *but Christ has redeemed me.*" Then he called for a light to be held to his card ("I want nothing now, but a further revelation of the beauty of the unseen Son of God"), and said, "It often serves me for a prayer: I want to see Him in His beauty—His excellency—His glory: I want to be with Him—He is all my desire."

Mrs. H. (his landlady) told me she heard him praying last night, "Lord Jesus, be near me; show me Thy beauty; let me feel Thy hold: let me clasp hold of Thee and never let Thee go." His face lighted up, his eyes shone, whenever he spoke of the Lord Jesus.

About this time, from exceeding weakness and shortness of breathing, during some few days of severe frost, he was able to speak but very little: that little was chiefly to request earnest prayer that he might be "filled with the Holy Ghost."

One afternoon he said to me, "I have peace, but it is not perfect peace, at this time: I have no doubt or fear as to my Saviour's love to me, and His willingness, nay, His determination, to save me; but there is something which prevents the full flow of peace." He became agitated,

then said quickly, "If I should have another physical revival, how much I shall have to do!"

"In what way?"

"In thinking, as I have strength to bear it, of the Lord Jesu's love, and of my ingratitude."

"Your ingratitude since you believed in Him?"

"Yes, since I began to know and love Him: *my utter ingratitude*, in that, when I was better and stronger, I did not love Him more, and delight in Him more, and wish to show my love to Him more. I cannot bear it now: I must say no more at present." Tears gushed down his face.

A little while after, I spoke of the preciousness of those words, "He restoreth my soul;" in the present tense—a perpetual process. He asked me to repeat them, and seemed deeply to appreciate the fulness of their meaning.

On the morning of the 3d of February, I found Miss W——n's fresh supply of beautiful flowers spread on his bed when I entered, and he said quite brightly, "I have fresh work for you, —to arrange my fresh flowers; Miss W——n's never-failing kindness keeps your hand in constantly."

He wished to write and thank her, but found

he was too weak; so said cheerfully, "No more writing for me now."

He sent two of the loveliest camelias to my dear little invalid cousin, F. A., and was touched almost to tears when he heard of the gratification it gave her, and prayed for a blessing upon her for soul and body.

He often referred to Miss W——n's lovely flowers, as amongst the most delightful earthly pleasures granted him during the last nine months, and spoke of "mercies rained upon him;" and then spoke by name of many friends in this neighbourhood, for whose kind attentions to him he expressed great gratitude.

On February 24th, after remaining for some time silent, apparently in deep thought, he said at last, "It is laid so strongly on my heart to seek by every means to win souls to my beloved Saviour, if He should revive me, even temporarily. Oh! that I had been more earnest when I was partially recovering—more unwearied in that great work!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A CALL to a dear and valued sick friend at C——, who shortly after fell asleep in Jesus, and whose memory is blessed, took me away with my father, from Saturday, February 20th, till the Monday night. When I arrived at their house, Mrs. R. met me with tears: a change had taken place: he was insensible, and she feared he might never recognise me again. But upon my inquiring, as I knelt by his side, "Do you know me?" he slowly opened his eyes, and gazing earnestly for a little while, said, "Miss M. returned—thank God."

After a time he revived, and inquired with interest after my invalid friend.

I then went home for a short time, and returned to him for the evening. I said to him, "David said, 'Lead me to the Rock that is

higher than I.' *You* can say, 'Thank God, I *have* been led to it, and that Rock is Christ.'"

"Yes."

"Is your peace fuller than it was?"

"*It is full, because Christ dwells in my heart by faith;*" and he pointed to the card (on which his wife said his eyes were constantly resting, and then upraised).

The evening before, M. was there when Mr. C. came in, and Mrs. R. had doubted if her husband perceived either of them, but he signed for his stick and pointed with it to the words, "That Christ may dwell in my heart by faith," saying earnestly in F.'s ear, "He does—*He does.*"

He liked to have a few words written to him daily, on some passage of Scripture, for Mrs. R. to read to him after his breakfast; the last morning note he received contained only the two last verses of Romans viii., "For I am persuaded that neither DEATH, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord;" with the Redeemer's reply to the believer, "Certainly I will be with

thee:" "I have loved thee with an *everlasting love.*"

Mrs. R. told me he had entreated her to pray diligently, "Oh, God! fill me with the Holy Ghost." "It is a short prayer," he said, "but it will bring a long answer — an eternal answer. Be constant in praying it; it is of no use if we do not pray constantly."

That afternoon his breathing was most distressing, like the breeze whistling through the torn sails of a ship; but it was a ship close to port. I turned the card with the prayer, "Fill me with the Holy Ghost," and showed him on the reversed side the words, "He will swallow up death in victory:" "Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

His countenance shone as he read them; but in reply to my question, "Would you like this side now?" he replied with intelligent calmness, and his characteristic correctness and regularity, "*Not yet;*" signing that he would wish it suspended by him "*afterwards.*"

M., who had been in London, returned about five o'clock; and towards six o'clock, F. came in and said, as he grasped the still firm hand, "The Lord says, 'I have holden thee by thy

right hand.'" He seemed perfectly peaceful, quietly awaiting his Saviour's call.

His expressive eyes beamed an earnest assent as I whispered at parting, "Your Saviour says, 'Fear not, I am with thee.'"

Long and impressive was his farewell grasp of my hand. I looked back again, from behind the screen, and caught his last smile as he gazed after us: it was full of peace.

The next morning he was apparently better; but about nine o'clock a sudden faintness came over him. We were kneeling down at family worship when I was summoned. Not a moment was lost, but the last sigh was breathed before I entered. He lay in an attitude of perfect repose —the clear, deep, spiritual eye upraised. I gazed into its well of fathomless peace, lighted up by a lingering ray of the soul which was *with its God*, and read there the farewell words he had chosen for that moment, "Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord;" and my whole soul responded, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost."

APPENDIX.

(See page 31.)

REVELATION VII. 13–17.

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they, from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green He'll lead his flock
Where living streams appear;
And God, the Lord, from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

Cameron.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM LXXII.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
  Upon the fruitful earth,
And Hope and Joy, like flowers,
  Spring in his path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
  Shall Peace the herald go;
And Righteousness in fountains
  From hill to valley flow.

He comes with succour speedy
  To them that suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
  And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
  Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls in misery lying
  Were precious in His sight.

Arabia's desert ranger
  To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
  His glory come to see.
For He shall have dominion
  O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
  Or dove's light wing can soar.

To Him shall prayer unceasing
  And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
  A kingdom without end.

The mountain-dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.
The tide of Time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His great, best Name of LOVE!

James Montgomery.

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